

I mind,

That the teacher showed us
the same-soundedness of 'Fern', 'Fir', and 'Fur'
(What!)

The child's tree view, a huge base, and tiny crown.

In the garage, under the glass roof, stands a new Tricycle:
'Today you are five'.

At a quarter to two, Listen with Mother. Then sleep.
Waking up to Woman's Hour: discussing, that sex is best in the morning.

Darkness, within the wooden bars. Then, the light is On.
Father comes in, bearing nappy pins.

In the long grass, behind the new house, dampness. Ooo, a Frog!
(afterwards, raspberries grew there.)

In the caravan: 'Put the woolly soldier to bed'. (Fleas from the old bus.)

Long green curtains, in mild light, was that Dundee?

Later, repeatedly,
Resting, in a warm, dim cave. Then, jagged stars appear.
Suddenly there is Light! Dangling from telegraph wires, I wake up,
screaming.

